MADE MEN

TOBIN
SUSINI
DUARTE
TEMOFONTE
20 YEARS OF COMICS
ONI PRESS
ISSUE #05 | DIGITAL COMIC

MADE MEN

PREVIOUSLY: Jutte Shelley—formerly Jutte Frankenstein—brought her murdered teammates back from the dead. (Just following the family business.) Unfortunately, their one lead to who murdered them, Detroit Chief of Police Hubert Grange, has been disposed of by a sniper. But hey, remember that detective Jutte was boning? He might have some more information. And so might Biz—the man who funded Jutte's reawakening.

WRITTEN BY PAUL TOBIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARJUNA SUSINI

COLORED BY GONZALO DUARTE

LETTERED BY SAIDA TEMOFONTE

EDITED BY ROBIN HERRERA
DESIGNED BY DYLAN TODD

@PaulTobin / paultobin.net
@ArjunaSusini / arjunasusiniblog.blogspot.it
gonzaloduarte.com

JOE NOZEMACK, FOUNDER & CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER
JAMES LUCAS JONES, PUBLISHER
CHARLIE CHU, V.P. OF CREATIVE & BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT
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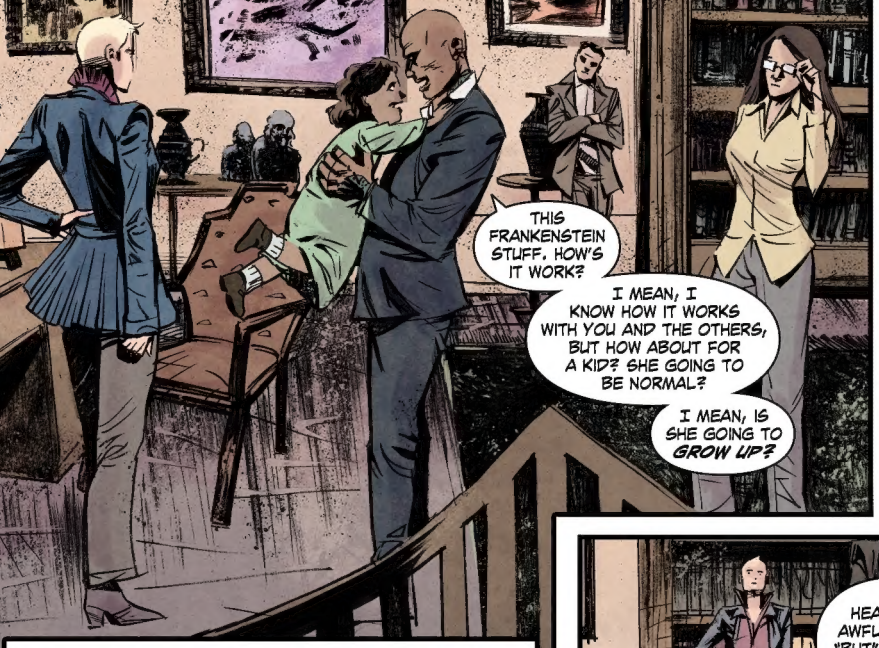
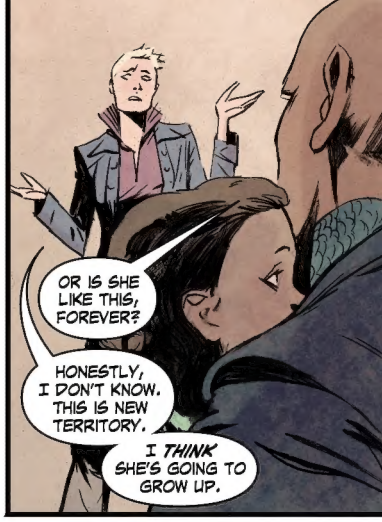
WHERE'S THE LION?!?
LEO COULDN'T MAKE IT TODAY, BUT HOW ARE YOU? FEELING OKAY?
SHE'S BEEN DOING FANTASTIC.
EERILY FANTASTIC, TO TELL THE TRUTH.
ALL THIS STUFF, THIS FRANKENSTEIN STUFF, IT'S EFFED UP. AND BY "EFFED UP," I MEAN "FUCKED UP."
DON'T SWEAR IN FRONT OF MY CHILD.
SORRY, BIZ. YOU'RE THE BOSS. NO SWEARING. I'LL TURN OVER A NEW LEAF.
ALMOST FOR SURE GONNA START SPARKLING.
SO. I GOT A QUESTION. I NEED THE TRUTH.
OKAY.


THIS FRANKENSTEIN STUFF. HOW'S IT WORK?
I MEAN, I KNOW HOW IT WORKS WITH YOU AND THE OTHERS, BUT HOW ABOUT FOR A KID? SHE GOING TO BE NORMAL?
I MEAN, IS SHE GOING TO *GROW UP?*


OR IS SHE LIKE THIS, FOREVER?
HONESTLY, I DON'T KNOW. THIS IS NEW TERRITORY.
I *THINK* SHE'S GOING TO GROW UP.

IT'S NOT LIKE SHE'S FROZEN IN TIME.
SHE'S YOUR DAUGHTER AGAIN. SHOULD BE ALL GOOD.

I'M HEARING AN AWFUL LOT OF "BUT" INVOLVED IN WHAT YOU'RE SAYING.
IT'S THERE. I JUST DON'T KNOW. NOTHING IN CECILIA FRANKENSTEIN'S DIARIES TALKS ABOUT KIDS. NOTHING DIRECTLY ANYWAY.
THERE'S ONE REFERENCE, BUT IT JUST TALKS ABOUT *ANOTHER* DIARY. A *LOST* ONE CALLED THE *CORPSE DIARY*. I'VE SEARCHED MY ASS OFF AND HAVEN'T FOUND IT. BUT I'LL KEEP LOOKING.

ANY CHANCE OF RESURRECTING THE *PREAM* KID?
MAYBE. IT'S A ROLL OF THE DICE EACH TIME.

ROLL THEM BONES, THEN.

I MEAN DICE. ROLL THE DICE. IT WAS SLANG.
YEAH.

Greektown. Detroit.
COME ALONG, LEO. WALKIES, WE'RE GOING FOR A WALKIES.
BUT, WE WALK *FAST,* OKAY? MARMA IS COMING OVER TO MY PLACE IN A BIT, AND AT LEAST FIVE PARTS OF ME ARE IN LOVE WITH THAT WOMAN.
SEVEN PARTS IF I'M DRUNK. AND WE'RE *GONNA* GET DRUNK.
S'CUSE ME, MA'AM?
WHAT'CHA THINK YOU'RE DOING? I'VE HEARD OF FURRIES. THAT WHAT THIS IS? SOME...FETISH THING?
NO, OFFICER. DECIDEDLY *NOT.*
AND IF YOU KNEW MY PAST, YOU'D KNOW I HAVE *NOTHING* BUT THE *UTMOST* RESPECT FOR THE LAW, AND WILL *ALWAYS* BE HONEST.
THAT SOUNDED SARCASTIC.
IT DID, A LITTLE.
ANYWAY, THIS IS LEO.
HE HAS A LION'S HEAD, BRAIN, AND *RESTLESSNESS.* I TAKE HIM OUT FOR WALKS SO HE DOESN'T GET VIOLENT OR PEE ON THE FLOOR.

UH-HUH. HONESTY. SURE.
JUST KEEP EVERYTHING IN YOUR PANTS AND I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU'RE PARADING, GOT IT?
I DO. HONESTLY.
Ten minutes later.
BEING AN UNESCORTED WOMAN IS BASICALLY JUST THE *BEST.*
I FEEL LIKE I COULD KISS THE WHOLE DAMN WORLD.
Ten more minutes later.
AND THIS ONE TIME, WE WERE HANDING OUT PAMPHLETS, THIS WAS IN PALERMO, AND A WHOLE *CROWD* GATHERED. ANGRY. *TOSSING* THINGS.
A WOMAN BOUNCED A ROCK OFF MY HEAD. SHE WAS OF THE OPINION THAT WOMEN SHOULDN'T HAVE OPINIONS.
FIGURE *THAT* ONE OUT!
I WONDER WHAT ABSINTHE AND COFFEE WOULD TASTE LIKE TOGETHER.
PROBABLY LIKE DANGER. OR A THREESOME.
SAME THING, REALLY.
OH. OKAY. I LOOKED IT UP. THERE'S A DRINK CALLED THE "HOTSHOT." IT HAS ABSINTHE AND COFFEE AND LOTS OF CREAM.
SO I WAS *RIGHT.*

HEY, YOU WANNA GET A DRINK SOMETIME?
I DON'T HAVE ANY INTEREST IN SLEEPING WITH YOU.

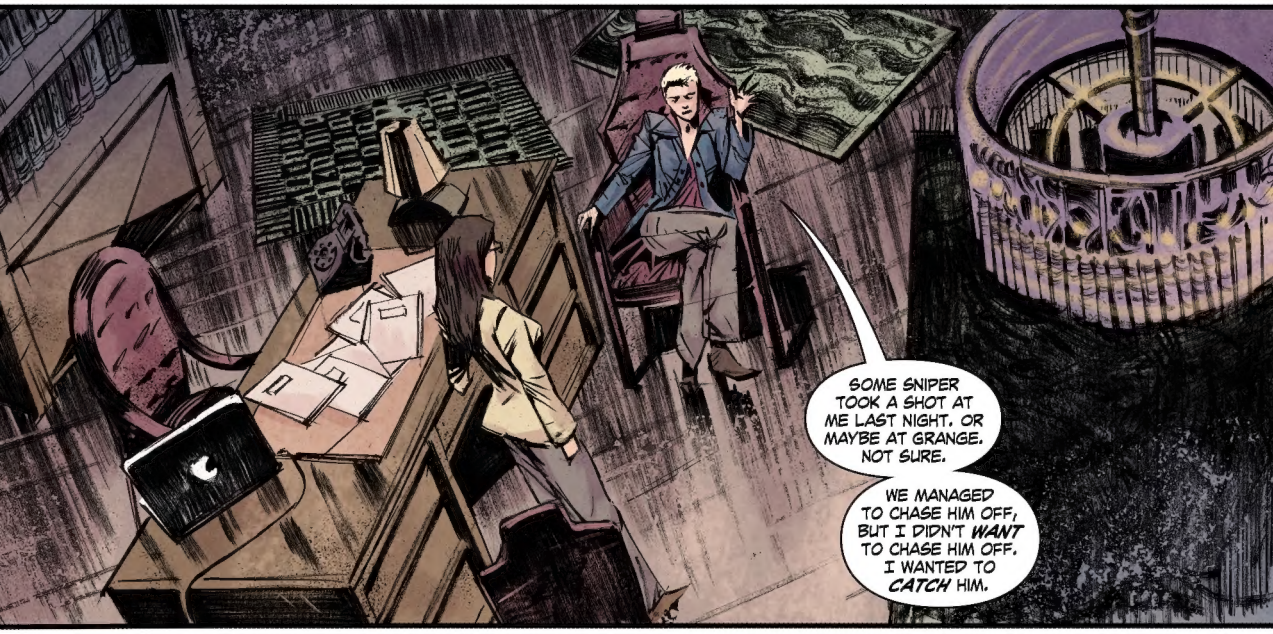
HEY. I SAID A DRINK. NOT SEX.
EVERY MILDLY AWARE WOMAN KNOWS WHAT MEN MEAN BY "GET A DRINK?" OR, "I LIKE YOUR HAIR!" OR, "HELLO?"
OKAY, OKAY. SORRY.

IT'S JUST... IF A MAN SPENDS HIS WHOLE LIFE KILLING PEOPLE, AND THEN HE MEETS A DARK EYED GIRL WHO CAN RAISE THE DEAD, HE'S GOTTA SEE IF HE CAN KISS HER.
THAT'S IN THE BIBLE. THAT'S ACTUALLY ONE OF THE COMMANDMENTS.

I GOT ANOTHER COMMANDMENT FOR YOU. FROM A DIFFERENT BIBLE.
YEAH?
YEAH... IT'S...

...THOU SHALT NOT PASS.

HEH.
HEH HEH. THAT'S GOOD. I LIKE THAT ONE.
HA HA HA!
JUTTE, A WORD WITH YOU?
WHAT'S UP, HARRISON?
WELL... THAT'S *MY* QUESTION. WHAT'S UP?
I'M GUESSING YOU'RE *NOT* HERE TO CHECK UP ON BIZBY. YOU KNOW SHE'S FINE. SO YOU WANT SOMETHING. WHAT IS IT?


SOME SNIPER TOOK A SHOT AT ME LAST NIGHT. OR MAYBE AT GRANGE. NOT SURE.
WE MANAGED TO CHASE HIM OFF, BUT I DIDN'T *WANT* TO CHASE HIM OFF. I WANTED TO *CATCH* HIM.

SO, YOU KNOW ANYTHING, HARRISON? YOU'RE THE QUEEN OF THE WORD ON THE STREET. GIVE ME SOMETHING.
IT WAS PROBABLY TOKEN BLONDE.

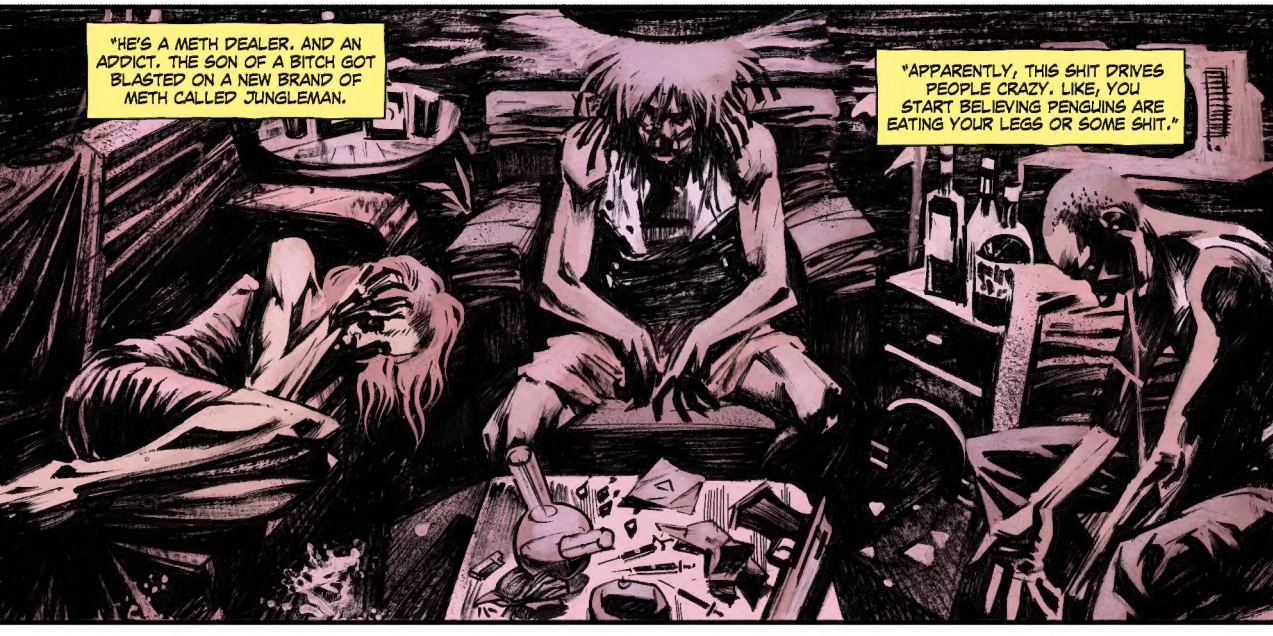
AND WHO IS THAT?
IT'S, "WHO *WAS* THAT?" NOW.
HE TURNED UP DEAD.

"WE GOT THE CALL ABOUT TOKEN BLONDE A COUPLE HOURS AGO.
"APPARENTLY THE BODY IS PRETTY SHREDDED UP. SOMETHING REALLY TORE INTO HIM."
OKAY. WHAT HAPPENED? AND WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT THIS TOKEN BLONDE GUY? WHO'S HE WORK FOR?
HMM. WHAT CAN YOU DO FOR US IN RETURN?
BECAUSE IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU WANT SOME INFORMATION, JUTTE, AND IT'S THE INFORMATION AGE.
BULLSHIT. IT'S THE ASSHOLE AGE.
IT IS *ALWAYS* THE ASSHOLE AGE.
SO, WHAT DO YOU ASSHOLES WANT?

LARKIN!
WHAT'S UP?
JUST GOT A CALL! WE KNOW WHO KILLED GRANGE!
SADDLE UP, MOTHERFUCKER! THE SHIT IS ABOUT TO GO DOWN!
PIZZA
CIPS
CIPS
CIPS

PIZZA
OH, THERE'S... WE KNOW?
THAT'S... THAT'S GREAT!

SO, WHO IS IT? WHAT HAPPENED? HOW MUCH DO YOU... HOW MUCH DO WE KNOW?
SOME GUY NAMED EVEREST. LIKE THE MOUNTAIN.


"HE'S A METH DEALER. AND AN ADDICT. THE SON OF A BITCH GOT BLASTED ON A NEW BRAND OF METH CALLED JUNGLEMAN.
"APPARENTLY, THIS SHIT DRIVES PEOPLE CRAZY. LIKE, YOU START BELIEVING PENGUINS ARE EATING YOUR LEGS OR SOME SHIT."

WE *SURE* WE GOT THE RIGHT GUY?
HOLY *SHIT,* LARKIN. THIS IS THE CITY'S BIGGEST CASE IN A DECADE!
OF *COURSE* I'M SURE WE GOT THE RIGHT GUY!

AN INFORMANT FOLDED. WE'LL HAVE TO DISAPPEAR HIS OWN CONVICTION FOR THIS JUNGLEMAN SHIT IN RETURN FOR HIS TESTIMONY, BUT I'M COOL WITH THAT.
THE LAW IS ALL ABOUT PUNISHMENT, YOU KNOW? AND JUNGLEMAN IS ITS *OWN* RETRIBUTION, IF YOU GET WHAT I'M SAYING.

"BUT IN RETURN FOR LOSING OUR INFORMANT'S CASE FILE, HE GAVE UP MITJA EVEREST. THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD. EX-MILITARY.
"WE HAVE HIS FINGERPRINTS ON SCENE. WE HAVE TESTIMONY THAT HE AND GRANGE HAVE HAD INCIDENTS IN THE PAST.

"WE HAVE SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE THAT PUTS HIM ON THE SCENE. WE HAVE A RECORDING OF HIM BOASTING ABOUT THE KILLING IN A BAR, DRUNK OFF HIS ASS ON CHEAP VODKA AND HIGH AS TWELVE KITES ON THAT JUNGLEMAN SHIT."

SO, *YEAH,* WE *GOT* OUR GUY.
NO POSSIBILITY OF IT BEING *ANYONE* ELSE.
CHIPS

NONE.

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT KILLING SOMEONE?
EXCUSE ME?
IT'S JUST THAT YOU HAVE THIS GIFT, THIS RESURRECTION KNOWLEDGE, BUT A LACK OF BODIES TO PRACTICE ON.
I CAN PROVIDE A BODY.
IF YOU *KILL* IT FIRST.
WELL, ISN'T *THIS* A PLEASANT CONVERSATION?
IT'S LIKE, "WOULD YOU LIKE SOME TEA? CRUMPETS? I SAY, LUV, ISN'T THE WEATHER NICE? FANCY BECOMING A MURDERER?"
YOU DON'T NEED TO MAKE IT SOUND WEIRD.
IT IS... WEIRD THAT YOU DON'T THINK ASKING ME TO KILL SOMEONE IS *ALREADY* WEIRD.
IT WAS KIND OF SEXY WHEN YOU WERE TALKING WITH A BRITISH ACCENT.
AND... *THAT'S* WEIRD, TOO.
BUT TELL ME, BIZ, WHO IS THIS GENTLEMAN YOU'RE VOLUNTEERING?
"THE NAME IS... BEN PLOST.
"LOT OF FAMILY RESEMBLANCE TO A GIANT TURD.
"HE'S ONE OF MY MEN.
"WAS SUPPOSED TO KILL HANK TRELLINS.
HNK
"KICKED A DOOR DOWN.
"BLEW HANK TO HELL.
"THEN HIS WIFE, TOO.
"AND HIS KIDS."
I DON'T WANT HIM ON MY PAYROLL ANYMORE.
SO YOU WANT *ME* TO BE A MURDERER?
I DON'T CARE ABOUT SEMANTICS.
I JUST WANT YOU TO KILL HIM.

WELL, I HAVE PRETTY STRONG MORAL ETHICS AGAINST THAT.
I GUESS THE QUESTION IS, DO YOU HAVE STRONGER MORAL ETHICS ABOUT LETTING HIM LIVE?
THAT'S A HARD QUESTION.
LIFE AND DEATH, JUTTE. JUST AN EQUATION TO YOU. SO...SOLVE IT.
WHAT THE HELL'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
IT MEANS WE'RE DOING BUSINESS.
JUTTE, IF I'M GOING TO KEEP BACKING YOU, YOU GOTTA HELP ME, TOO.
I BROUGHT YOUR DAUGHTER BACK FROM THE FUCKING DEAD.
YEAH. YEAH. OKAY.
OKAY.
OKAY, I'M ASKING YOU TO HELP WITH THIS PLOST TURD. I'M ASKING.
IF YOU DON'T HELP, NO SWEAT. NONE.
I'LL STILL HELP YOU. EVEN TELL YOU ALL I KNOW ABOUT TOKEN BLONDE.
APPRECIATED. AND, THIS THING WITH PLOST? SERIOUSLY, HAVE TO TELL YOU...
...I HAVE PRETTY STRONG MORAL PROBLEMS WITH IT.
I CAN'T JUST KILL A MAN.
I BET HADRY WOULD DO IT.
YEAH. SHE WOULD.

SO I GUESS THIS IS WHO I AM, NOW.
I USED TO BE A COP AND CONSIDER MYSELF AS AMERICA'S MORAL SAFEGUARD.
NOW, ONE OF DETROIT'S TOP MOBSTERS IS ASKING ME TO MURDER A MAN, AND I'M GOING TO ASK A RESURRECTED ITALIAN ABOLITIONIST TO DO IT.
FUNNY HOW LIFE ALWAYS SEEMS TO WORK OUT THAT WAY.
AT LEAST I'LL GET A BODY OUT OF IT.
BODY. BODY.
SHUT UP, HALLUCINATORY CROW.

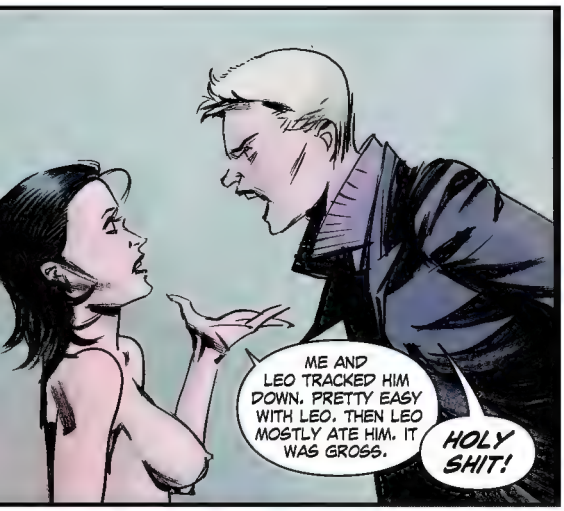
MY GRANDMOTHER CECILIA SEEMED TO HAVE A NEVER-ENDING SUPPLY OF BODIES.
I STILL HAVE A SMORGASBORD OF LEFTOVER BODY PARTS FROM HER STOCK, PRESERVED IN CHEMICALS SHE CONCOCTED, BUT...
...CECILIA SEEMED TO ACQUIRE BODIES FROM STRANGE PLACES.
KIRKLEES ASYL
TROUBLED INDIV
For those Unfortunate
impaired or diminished me
apacity. God be praised.
OFTEN BY UNFORTUNATE MEANS.
LAMBETH ANTI-FEMINIST LEAGUE
Keep women where God intended.
LON
Zoologica
AND SHE WAS... WHIMSICAL.
REGARDLESS, THE MODERN AGE HAS BROUGHT ABOUT A WEALTH OF CHANGES IN OUR BODIES. A WHOLE NEW ERA OF EVOLUTION. I NEED TO ADD A FEW RECENT BODIES, FLESH OUT MY STOCK OF FLESH, SO TO SPEAK.
SPEAK! SPEAK!
NO, DON'T SPEAK. SHUT UP.
HALLUCINATIONS ARE SUPPOSED TO KEEP THEIR BEAKS SHUT.

Elsewhere.
SKRRE
THUMP
LET'S GO! LET'S GO!
WE'RE IN POSITION, DETECTIVE!
DO IT!
CRASH
STILL NOT SURE ABOUT THIS BEING OUR GUY. ALL SOUNDS TOO EASY.
LIKE, ALL THAT INFORMATION FITTING TOGETHER? LEAVING ALL THAT EVIDENCE BEHIND? THAT NEVER HAPPENS.
YEAH, WELL PEOPLE WHO KILL POLICE CAPTAINS WHEN THEY'RE STUFFED FULL OF METH--
--AREN'T EXACTLY KNOWN FOR THEIR FUCKIN' SUBTLETY!
ALL I'M SAYING IS, WE FIND THIS GUY, WE CUFF HIM. UNTIL WE KNOW WHAT'S WHAT.

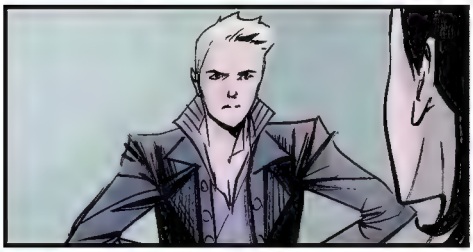
OF COURSE! JESUS, FUCK. OF COURSE!
CLEAR!
CLEAR!
LOOK! METH PIPES! IT'S JUNGLEMAN!
HUH? JUST LOOKS LIKE MARIJUANA.
CLEAR!
I GOT A BASEMENT!
POLICE
I GOT STAIRS!
C'MON, LARKIN! LET'S HEAD UP!

CLEAR!
CLEAR!
WHAT THE SHIT, DUDES?
GUN!
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
SANDWICH. HE HAD A SANDWICH.

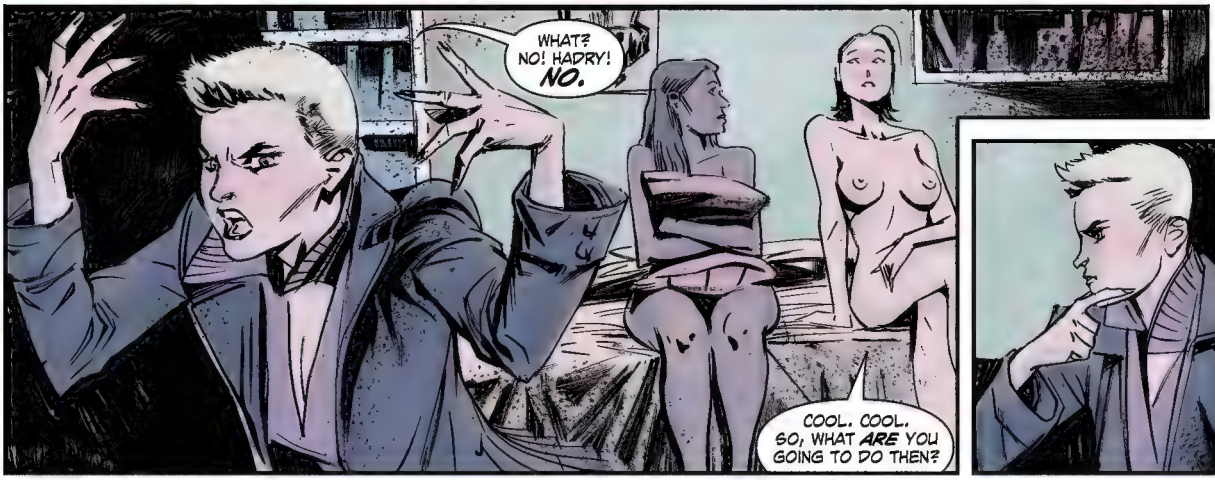
Elsewhere.
HADRY. NEED TO TALK TO YOU. I--
WELL, HELL.
I'M SO SORRY.
SHOULDN'T BE. I MEAN, THINGS ARE EXCELLENT RIGHT NOW.
YEAH, I CAN SEE THAT. I MEAN, NOT THAT I'M LOOKING.
THIS IS MARMA. WE MET AT THE CLUB. AND SEVERAL TIMES THIS MORNING. KINDA MAKING A DAY OF IT, NOW.
WELL, GET OFF YOUR ASS, AND GET OFF HER ASS. C'MON, GET DRESSED.
I NEED YOU TO COORDINATE WITH BIZ AND HIS PEOPLE. WE'RE LOOKING INTO WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT SNIPER THAT WAS TAKING SHOTS AT US.
OH, UH. THAT?

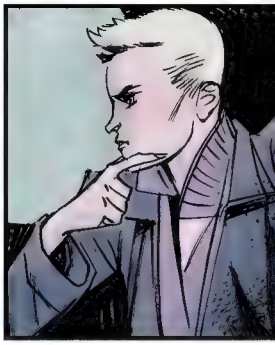

ME AND LEO TRACKED HIM DOWN. PRETTY EASY WITH LEO. THEN LEO MOSTLY ATE HIM. IT WAS GROSS.
HOLY SHIT!

WHY THE FUCK DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?
BECAUSE I WAS BUSY! AND HORNY.
HORNY BUSY!



WELL NOW, THANKS TO YOU, I'M HORNY.
COOL! WANNA JOIN IN?
PAT PAT


WHAT? NO! HADRY! NO.
COOL. COOL. SO, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO THEN?



I THINK I'M GOING TO CALL A COP.

SLAMM

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
HEY, AYERS. C'MON IN.
OKAY, LARKIN... I'M HERE. AND, THIS AIN'T A GREAT TIME. I'VE GOT SIXTY SHIT-TONS OF PAPERWORK, SO...WHAT'S THE BIG SECRET?
I MEAN, LOOK AT THIS TEXT. "COME TO MY PLACE. WE NEED TO TALK. IT'S IMPORTANT."
I KNOW WHAT IT SAYS. I WROTE IT.
RIGHT. SO WHAT'S UP?
WELL, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO WORK SOMETHING OUT. THIS GRANGE CASE. THAT EVEREST GUY. SOMETHING'S BUGGING THE HELL OUT OF ME. LOOK AT THIS.
WHAT AM I LOOKING AT? AND WHY THE FUCK AM I LOOKING?
THE GRANGE CASE IS CLOSED, ANYWAY. CLOSED LIKE A COFFIN.
TAP
SO, YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING WHY I'M DOING THIS. TO BE HONEST, I'M WONDERING MUCH THE SAME.
BUT SOMETHING DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT...
...AND YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE SHIT THAT'S BEEN GOING ON, LATELY--
--SO...I NEED YOU TO BE HONEST WITH ME. DID YOU--

WHACK
FUCK!
FUCKKKKKK--
WHUMPF
F-FUCKING F-FREEZE.
YOU AIN'T GONNA SHOOT ME.
KRUNK
SON OF A BITCH!
GUHH!
THOKK
AWW SHIT, MAN, AWW SHIT. OH, MY FUCKIN' HEAD. LARKIN, WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?
KICKING YOU IN THE GROIN BEFORE I ASK A QUESTION.
FUUUCKKKK...
WHUMPF

YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT ME NOT BEING WILLING TO SHOOT YOU, BUT I AM WILLING TO KICK YOU IN THE NUTS AGAIN.
ALL FUCKING NIGHT LONG, IF I HAVE TO.
SO ANSWER MY QUESTION. THAT THING WITH EVEREST TODAY...?
THAT WAS A FRAME-UP. THAT EVIDENCE WAS SHIT. HE DIDN'T HAVE A GUN. YOU MURDERED THAT MAN.
THUMP
MY PARTNER MURDERED A MAN!
WHY? WAS IT MONEY? FUCKING MONEY? TELL ME IT WASN'T MONEY!
I DON'T HEAR YOU SAYING ANYTHING! MY URGE TO STOMP ON YOUR DICK IS GOING CODE RED!
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME ANYWAY. IT'S NOT MONEY. IT'S SOMETHING ELSE.
BUT, YOU LIVE IN A WORLD THAT'S FUCKING INNOCENT. I LIVE IN A WORLD OF MONSTERS. YOU DON'T KNOW SHIT.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
I'M TALKING ABOUT THE SANCTITY OF LIFE! AND THE SANCTITY OF DEATH!
I'M TALKING ABOUT BEING PART OF THE FIVE SONS, WHERE WE ENSURE THAT MAN DOESN'T INTRUDE ON GOD'S WORK!
HUH. WOW. LOOKS LIKE IT'S "FULL OF SHIT" TIME, FOR YOU.
BUT... I'LL BITE. WHAT IN THE NAME OF GOD IS "GOD'S WORK?"

FUCK YOU. YOU'LL LAUGH, BUT AT LEAST YOU WON'T KICK ME IN THE NUTS AGAIN.
THERE'S A FAMILY OUT THERE. A *TERRIBLE* FAMILY WHO PERVERT NATURE, AND DEATH, AND *LIFE ITSELF.*
I'M TALKING ABOUT A FAMILY NAMED...
...FRANKENSTEIN.
AWW SHIT.
HELLO?
JUTTE?
DON'T LOOK AT *ME.* I JUST CAME HERE TO GET LAID.

MADE MEN

LOOK OUT FOR THE COLLECTION
JULY 2018

TESTIMONIAL WITH...

HILARY

20 YEARS OF COMICS
ONI PRESS
ESTABLISHED 1997

"BOOKS HAVE LED SOME TO LEARNING AND OTHERS TO MADNESS." —PETRARCH

Hi, I'm Hilary, meticulous designer lady, black cat army commander, and I can definitely attest to that madness bit.

I hope you wandered into this new year well-rested and radical as ever. I wandered, too, following behind a familiar white rabbit I've dubbed "equanimity," fueled by a personal passion to perpetually study the history, design, preservation, collection, technologies, and cataloging methods of books! I know how to have fun.

What really gets my mind-pages turning in excitement is when I find a great book about books. Whoa, so meta. Luckily, we have a new title coming out on January 24th from author Tara O'Connor called *The Altered History of Willow Sparks* that is just my type (designer-y pun intended).

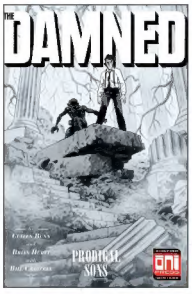
The story is about Willow Sparks and her best friend Georgia Pratt. They're trying to get through high school relatively unscathed, but when Willow finds a mysterious book that allows her to literally rewrite the story of her life, she feels her luck finally turning. Yet as Willow will discover, every action has a reaction, and the future has unusual—even dangerous—ways of protecting itself.

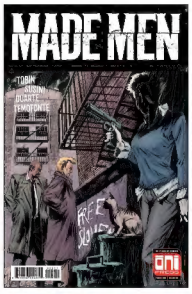
This book was an immense pleasure to design. Inside, we used a gorgeous, carefully chosen periwinkle Pantone spot color and the cover includes foil stamping, an emboss, spot gloss, french flaps, and more Pantone! I hope it pleases our fellow bibliophiles and adds some new souls to our squad.

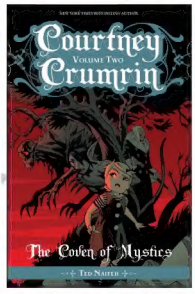
Be sure to check out more titles coming out this month below! READ, RISE, RESIST.

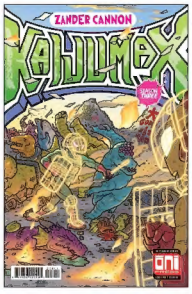
Hilary Thompson
SENIOR GRAPHIC DESIGNER
@HILARYFAMILIAR

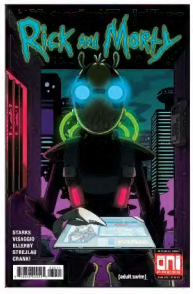
▸ WHAT'S NEW THIS MONTH











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